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157 BRANCH OFFICES.

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SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

SHOULD REACH HAPPY PARENTS.

The appeal for aid in making a bright

Christmas for the children of the poor

ought readily to reach the hearts of par-

ents who are fortunately able to well re-

member their own household pets on that

occasion.

Just the least allowance over and above

their own family expenditures by all such

happy parents would swell THE EVENING

WORLD Christmas-Tree Fund into splen-

did proportions. And the greater the

sum raised the more yearning little hearts

can be made merry.

Did you prosperous parents ever look

in on one of these annual distributions of

gifts? Or, if you never did, can you im-

agine what the scene is like? Every child

beneficiary on such an occasion feels

it is not too much to say—tenfold

the joy and satisfaction that come to the

expectant, never-disappointed members

of your own home flock. Won't it be

worth while to help make these Christmas

Trees of 1891 yield more abundantly even

than those of past years?

A POET'S SON AS A STAGE-ROBBER.

A stage-robbler, jailed under the name

of JOSEPH McKEAY at Ukiah, Cal., proves

to be a son of JOSEPH MILLER, the poet

of the Sierras. He says he never was

encouraged to go to school or to make

anything of himself. Otherwise things

might have been different.

This son of a poet father has set his

palm of life to a false meter. If he had

made something of himself even without

the encouragement he says he lacked he

would have won more sympathy.

The world is a little particular in its

judgment in these cases. It might even

hate that young MILLER or McKEAY

might far better have stuck to the wood-

chopping which he says he deserted to

take up stage-robbing. The occupation

of holding up Western coaches has, with

the flight of time, ceased to be one of

romantic nature as to make even the ne-

glected son of a romantic poet entirely

excusable for going into it with his eyes

open.

It has been arranged that the marriage

of Prince ALBERT VICTOR (Duke of

CLARENCE) and the Princess VICTORIA

Mary of Teck shall occur March 10th. The

Prince and Princess of Wales will then

receive as a gift, on the twenty-eighth

anniversary of their wedding day, a

daughter-in-law who will, barring royal

misadventure, become England's future Queen

Victoria.

The final move towards establishing the

Tilden will as the testator meant it has

failed in the Court of Appeals. But,

thanks to the generosity of Mrs. HAZARD

MAY, the testator's grandniece, the failure does

not mean that New York will lose the

public library the Sage of Greystone

"THE JUNIOR PARTNER."

It is not easy in these busy days to be spontaneously funny and, at the same time, original. The paths of legitimate humor appear to have been trodden dry, and nothing remains but the perilous labyrinth of the far-fetched. It was into these avenues that Alexander Blum and Albert Carre plunged for the subject matter of "The Junior Partner," which had its first production anywhere at Herrmann's Theatre last night. They wanted complications of the appropriate type, and the demand was greater than the supply. The playwrights, however, jumped the wide hurdles of improbability—not to any impossibility—and evolved this:

Two partners—dentists, Gustave and Arthur. The former loses a widow; the latter an English girl whose mother wants a husband for her with \$100,000. Gustave goes to London to attend to a lawsuit. While staying at the Providence Hotel he stumbles one night into the wrong bedroom. He rushes out convinced immediately of his error, but the hotel has been aroused and he is forced to marry the girl. In despair he writes to his beloved widow, who is a wife and mother-in-law. It happens that he has married the girl loved by Arthur, who is also reduced to despair. Things are straightened out by the confusion of the hotel proprietor that it was a "put up job."

Of course this is very absurd, but in the second act, where the widow meets the newly made wife and her mother, it is amusing. The complications are those of the typical farce. A hint dropped makes the wife and mother mistake the widow for a cook, although she is made up to the very eyes and attire in a highly distinguished manner. Another remark leads the widow to look upon the unfortunate wife as a governess. And so on.

The play is not well put together. The first act is absolutely unnecessary, and has nothing to do with the case—or precious little. It shows the dentists with their patients. The farce would be far more acceptable were it to begin at the second act. The patient with the toothache is dropped after the first act. The mother and daughter play respectively the cornet and the clarinet, and this incident, which is introduced with much elaboration, is abandoned at the second act. This gives an untidy, botched effect. A woman who kills and drops her stitches will tell you that her work can never be acceptable. Even the writers of farce can be neat, artistic and literary if they like.

The cast was a good one. E. J. Ratcliffe, a very capable and intelligent young actor, did admirably. Mr. Hutchins will be a great question to metropolitan forces. It was not his fault that the atmosphere of the piece was not the one best fitted to respiratory functions. No English-speaking actors can be thoroughly at home in a purely French environment. Miss Henrietta Crossman is a very dainty young woman, and a fine Helen Mottson, interpreted by Miss Crossman, was interesting and agreeable. In other hands the role would have been unendurable. Mrs. Hankin made a hit, and Miss Daisy Hall may also be congratulated for her character sketch. Mrs. Boucicault, who is a very weak imitator of her mother, is obscured in clouds of affectation—and make-up.

A comedy incident that Blum and Carre did not devise was involuntarily introduced by Mrs. Boucicault. She coyly nestled in Gustave's arm, and left part of her face on his sleeve. She was, however, not abashed, but calmly removed the finger, she did not feel it loose. She was so much that I could not help thinking that she must have put it on with a tablecloth.

ALAN DALE.

THE CLEANER.

Although Andrew Carnegie responded to the toast, "The Scottish-American," at a Delmonico banquet the other night, he wishes it understood that he does not want to be regarded as a hyphenated citizen. He has written about "Triumphant Democracy," and made his money out of a protective tariff, and even if he does own a castle or two in Scotland, he believes himself entitled to be called an unadulterated, stonion-pure American.

I met Gen. Franz Sigel in the Metropolitan Museum of Art the other day. The general soldier does not look a bit older than he did ten years ago, although he seems to be growing feeble. He is a great lover of art in all its forms, and is said to have cultivated painting and poetry in his early years, before he took to revolutionary deeds and was forced to flee his native country.

"God is everywhere because He is nowhere. And this is also true of intellect and soul; for each of these is everywhere, because each is nowhere." To the followers and disciples of Mr. Blavatsky's school of occultism, which is a sort of a new apostle in Mrs. Annie Besant, now in this city, the above extract will undoubtedly be as clear as mud.

I see that Walter Camp has been writing

a book about football. The veteran Yale player, who by the way looks as young and handsome as any member of this year's victorious team, treats the subject in truly Spencerian style, considering the game as it is at present played as the result of a process of development on strictly evolutionary lines. He tells all about the duties of end men, tackles, guards, snappers and the rest of them, and explains the mysteries of center-backing, and the subject is truly interesting to the other intricacies of the modern game of football. Pictures of famous Yale, Princeton, and Harvard football players attired in canvas jackets and padded breeches adorn the volume, and add interest to the narrative of their wonderful exploits.

Major Nathan Matthews, Jr., of Boston,

who is candidate for re-election Dec. 15, is well known in the circle of younger Democratic politicians in New York. He is, like Gov. Russell and our own Mayor Grant, a young man, but has made a memorable record as an executive.

Dr. John Hall, the famous preacher, it is

well known, never drinks anything stronger than pure water, but I ran across him the other day in a dainty little barroom at Fifth avenue and Thirty-eighth street. This may sound rather strange, but it need not surprise any one who knows that only one man in ten, sparkling spring water from Maine is sold over the bar. Nell MacNeill, a hale and hearty old Scotchman, who knew Dr. Hall many years before he came to New York, is the dispenser of the liquid refreshment, and the distinguished clergyman frequently drops in to have a chat with his old friend over a glass of the beverage that cheers but does not inebriate.

President Sidney Dillon, of the Union

Pacific, who has several carloads more than 50 cents in his pocket, and apparently intends this as a notice to all dynamiters and bomb-throwers that he will be perfectly useless to tackle him as they did his friend Russell Sage the other day. No stranger meeting the great railroad magnate in his every-day garb would be so bold as to make him a present of money in his clothes. In his rusty suit of black and dingy old derby hat jammed down on the back of his head President Dillon looks more like some spry old Jersey ruralist who had been accidentally wafted into town by a strong west wind.



The Boy Who Upset Sixth Avenue.

Everything was as peaceful and good-natured at the corner of Sixth avenue and Eighteenth street the other afternoon as any spot on the face of this earth. It was exactly 3 o'clock, with the weather neither too cold nor too warm, and even the street-car drivers smiled and sang as they had to wait five minutes for a brewer's delivery wagon to tip the wheels off of two butcher carts and break the block which was interrupting traffic.



Almost as swiftly as a stroke of lightning

everything was changed. A lad appeared from the front door of a house in Eighteenth, near the corner, with a rat-trap held high in his hand. The trap contained a rat—an old veteran who had probably eaten twenty times his weight in good New York cheese. For years and years he had been too fly for those who sought his destruction, but the pincer had gone to the well once too often. He was squealing and scurrying about, but there was no one to pity. The boy had scarcely descended the steps when there was a rush for him, and men and boys were heard shouting:

"He's got a rat!"

"Lemme git my dog!"

"Good gracious! what a whopper!"

"Don't let him get away!"

The man who knows all about rats was there, of course. Also the man who has made the killing of rats a specialty all his life. They worked their way to the front.

"You don't want to fool with that rat!" cautioned the first.

"I think I know my business," blurted replied the second.

"So do I!"

"Don't interfere with me."

Three or four dogs were now brought into the crowd. The man who is always willing to boss the job also got off a street car and allowed his way in to demand:

"What's all this fuss about? A rat, eh?"

Now, then, everybody stand back! Gimme that trap!"

The boy denounced. It was his trap and his rat. He felt that he ought to be consulted.

"Let 'er go, Gallagher!" yelled one of the crowd.

"Where's your rat?"

"Somebody hit the man with the red neck!"

A policeman now appeared. He began to use his official elbows to open a path for his body, but the crowd resented the action and began to hustle him until he threatened to collar some one. Meanwhile the two men who knew all about rats were jawing with the man who wanted to boss the job, and the boy was declaring that his brother would lick the man who stole his rodent.

"You're a liar!"

"Hit him one!"

"Look out for the cop!"

The crowd began to circle around, and the boy fell down and lost the trap. Some one picked it up and shook the rat out, and dogs and men and boys were all mixed up and falling over each other. In the confusion the rat got away into the sewer, the policeman rapped three men on the back with his club, and the crowd dissolved leaving about a dozen hats kicking around on the battle-ground. Then a lot of people shook their fists in the air, and another lot called somebody a liar, and everybody went away mad and threatening to get even if it took him a whole year.

M. Quad.

Comstock Is Not Appreciated.

(From the Chicago Times.)

It is to be hoped that Anthony Comstock will leave town without examining critically the sculptures designed to ornament some of the World's Fair buildings.

Head and Foot Work.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)

A joint debate between Yale and Harvard in being arranged. In a recent joint debate between Yale and Princeton the former displayed the stronger understanding.

Patent with Point.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)

A woman was last week granted a patent for a new device for sharpening lead pencils. Woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil, but she can now and then give others a point on it.

He Had Chicago Breeding.

(From the Chicago Post.)

Wait, now, until the New York press discovers that it was a Chicago man who threw the deadly bomb on Broadway.

In Justice to Blaine.

(From the New York Tribune.)

President Harrison is very particular in having it understood that Secretary Blaine did not dictate the tone of the message on foreign affairs or its recommendations on domestic matters.

SAILIN', SAILIN', OVER THE OCEAN

BLOO.

Yes, gentlemen, you want to sail in if you wish to secure one of those fine Karsen Beaver Overcoats, Black, Blue and Brown, that we have placed on our counters at \$14.00, red, white and blue, for just take a glimpse of the Oxford Union Overcoat, \$10.00, as all garments, \$15.00, we have as fine an overcoat as you can desire—fine camels hair, full backs, deep velvet collars, heavy fine pure dye silk sleeves. This overcoat others ask \$25.00 for. You can't judge of what you see on paper, you must examine a garment and to some extent rely upon the honest boy who is dealing with. Our guarantee goes with every garment purchased. Boys' Overcoats, \$10.00, a big drive and special sale in these storm coats. Our elegant outfit Tripod Hat Black, with \$12.00 purchase. We are open every evening until 10 o'clock and Saturdays until 11 o'clock.

MANN'S BROTHERS, 314, 316, 318, 320 Grand St.

JOY FOR THE POOR.

That's What Every Penny for the

Christmas Fund Means.

Send in Your Dimes Before It Is

Too Late.

Nell Nelson Tells About Applicants

for Tickets.

Letters containing contributions of

money should be addressed to Cashier

N. Y. World, Pulitzer Building.

All parcels or packages containing con-

tributions of toys, clothing, books or other

articles should be addressed to the Man-

ager "Evening World's" Christmas

Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.

The American United States, National

and Westcott Express Companies will

convey all packages of 25 pounds weight

and under addressed as above free of

charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Evening World's Christmas Tree

Fund has received the following subscrip-

tions:

T. J. Freeman, \$100.00

Previously acknowledged \$24.75

Total \$124.75

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and chain, with a dark sticking out his

tongue to make it tick.

The guard made a copy of the slip of paper

sent it upstairs to the Christmas editor to be

filed and had the janitor put the baby walkers

on an upturn in charge of the conductor.

About dusk a little girl, nine years of age,

came to the Bureau and handed the clerk this

letter, saying she wanted an answer.

To the Editor:

When you are giving out your

Christmas presents to the poor children you

please kindly remember four little orphan

children named Galvin, living at 2355 Second

avenue, and send them some tickets, that

they too may share a little of your happiness

on that day, and may God's blessing follow

you forever. You may go to the wish of a

heart-broken mother. Mrs. Galvin.

She was told to go home, and that tickets

would be sent to her mother the very day

they were issued for distribution.

You can read between the lines of the letter

the story of a very sad and a very merry

Christmas for a quartet of fatherless chil-

dren.

Which shall it be?

Can't you answer the letter by sending a

contribution to the fund?

Can't you buy the pet lamb on wheels

with the bell and blue ribbon "about the

world" neck for the fourteen-year-old girl?

Have you a pair of roller skates for the rollicking

Tom, and will it be possible for you to pro-

vide that dark watch for the charwoman's

boy